

Some Sisterly Advice by orphan_account

Series: [Hey... \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Erica is a good lil sis, Erica shaking her head at her brother's stupidity, F/M, I love him, Lucas deserves all good things in life, Lucas's camo bandana, Period-Typical Racism, Sibling conversations, and adorable, he's so smitten, i love this ship so much

Language: English

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Summary:

Lucas can't seem to work up the courage to ask Max out. Erica decides it's time for some tough love (and a shove).

Some Sisterly Advice

Author's Note:

So, this just kind of happened. I'm not sure how I feel about it. It's very dialogue-heavy, and Max doesn't show up very much. But Erica gets some recognition, which she deserves.

I hope you enjoy!!! Happy Reading! :)

"Hey. I was just wondering if you wanted to go out with me. Because you're really pretty and nice and I, uh..." Lucas frowns at his reflection in the mirror. "Dang, I'm bad at this."

"You sure are," Erica says impassively from the doorway, and Lucas whirls around to glare at his little sister.

"How many times, Erica? *STAY OUT OF MY ROOM!*" he bellows as he slams the door shut for the umpteenth time.

Unlike the previous times, he doesn't hear angry footsteps storming down the hall. Instead, there's a soft thud, which after a moment he realizes is Erica sitting down outside his door.

"She likes you, you know," she says.

He freezes in the middle of his room.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he says, but even he can hear the quiver and the insecurity in his voice, and he hates himself for being so vulnerable – especially in the hearing of his little jerk of a sister. (Mouthbreather, El would call her, and Lucas grins, thinking of how hard Dustin is trying to teach her to use curses.)

Erica snorts derisively.

"Yeah, right, and I'm part of your little group of nerd friends."

"What are you doing?" Lucas snaps. "Go away!"

"No," Erica says, unruffled. "Not until you get it through your thick skull that MadMax is madly in love with you."

She sounds very proud of her pun, but Lucas doesn't notice. His stomach is doing that annoying swooping thing that it does every time Max's name is mentioned.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he protests again, but he's painfully unconvincing, and he knows Erica knows it.

"Just stop that," she advises him. "You're never going to get her to go out with you if you're pretending you don't care."

Lucas shakes his head.

"What do you know? You've never had a boyfriend," he sniffs disdainfully.

"That really doesn't matter," Erica informs him. "I know enough to know that if you don't ask her soon, Max is going to get fed up and ask you out herself."

Lucas stomps over to the door and flings it open.

"How do you know that?" he demands of his little sister, who is grinning up at him from her seated position on the floor.

She snorts again.

"Are you kidding me? She's not exactly trying to hide it."

Lucas's head is whirling.

"What are you talking about?"

Erica stares at him.

"How are you so stupid?" she wonders. "*The girl kissed you. Isn't that obvious enough for you, or do you need a neon sign?*"

Lucas can't ignore the swooping his stomach does this time, or the tingle that goes through him when he thinks about Max's warm lips on his own.

"It was a dance," he protests feebly. "She was probably just feeling the music or.... Something."

Erica actually bangs her head against the floor.

"Lucas," she says, in between whacks, "she – " whack "– likes – " whack "– you." Staring up at him, eyes a little glazed over from the damage she just inflicted on her face, she looks so earnest that Lucas actually believes her.

"Except..." he starts, but Erica doesn't let him finish.

"Good grief, you're an idiot. Max is in love with you, Lucas. You're always talking about how Mike looks at El. That's the way she looks at you."

His stomach is swooping like the sea.

"Really?" he asks, forgetting that he's supposed to be arguing with her.

"Yes," *she* says.

Wow. Lucas feels slightly dizzy at the prospect of Max looking at him in any way that even slightly resembles the lovestruck looks Mike gives El.

"But..." he begins again, and once again Erica cuts him off.

"And she's always touching you. She'll pat you on the back and elbow you in the ribs and *she holds your hand.*" *When Lucas just*

shrugs, taking all this information in, Erica shakes her head, looking like she's at the end of her rope. "You know what? I'm going to go," as she gets up and dusts off her bottom, "because you're clearly too much of an idiot to believe me, no matter what evidence I give you." She turns to leave.

"But I'm black," Lucas blurts, and Erica freezes. "I'm black, and her brother doesn't like that, and who knows if her mom and dad will, and they'll make her stop talking to me at all, and it'll make it worse than if I'd ever said anything."

Erica turns to stare at him, and for a moment that's all that happens. They just stare at each other, Lucas slightly out of breath, Erica completely stunned.

"What," she says flatly.

"You heard me," Lucas mumbles, eyes downcast and heart pounding. The fear that's been nibbling on the back of his brain is finally out in the open, and he feels stupid and dumb and so terrified that it takes his breath away. He's only known her for six months, but the thought of Max being cut out of his life scares him more than most things in the world. He can't imagine showing up at school and seeing her walk by without her giving him a careless, "Morning, Stalker." He doesn't want to think about not being able to sit with her at lunch.

He's been lucky enough to live in a community where racism doesn't affect him much. None of his friends have ever commented on the differences between their skin tones. (Well, except for that one time when they'd spent all day outside and Mike had complained for an hour about how unfair it was that Lucas hadn't gotten sunburned. But that didn't count, because the way Mike had said it made it sound like dark skin was a superpower, and even though Lucas had shrugged it off the words had left a warm glow in his chest.) Sure, he'd seen discrimination and even experienced it a few times, but Hawkins was pretty good for that kind of thing.

Billy calling him a 'kind of person', like being black was a disease or a curse, had sent him reeling, and ever since he'd had the niggling worry that Max felt the same way, that even though she spent time around him it was begrudgingly, because she *had to*.

He knows that she doesn't care, really he does, just sometimes it's really hard to believe it. And he knows that it's way, *way too early, but the thought of marrying her has crossed his mind, and if her dad is anything like her brother that has no chance of happening.*

Lucas knows that he's dumb and stupid and it's too early and there's

a million reasons *not to feel this way, but the thought of not having Max around for the rest of his life is a horrifying one.*

"Wow," Erica says, distracting him from his almost panic attack. Her mouth is gaping open, and she looks like she's had an epiphany. "You love her."

"No kidding," he mutters, trying to wipe away the tear that somehow slipped out of his eye in the most inconspicuous way possible.

"No," Erica says, still sounding like she's seen a ghost. "You love her."

"I know," Lucas snaps, and he knows that it's harsh and that he shouldn't be so hard on her when she was just trying to help, but he's frustrated and scared and he just wants to be able to hold Max's hand whenever he feels like it.

"Lucas," Erica says, "do you know how rare that is?"

"What is?" Lucas is emotionally drained, and he just wants to go to the meeting that he's already late for because he was stupid enough to practice asking Max out.

"Falling in love, real love," Erica says, and she sounds a little dreamy. Lucas gives her a weird look.

"Whatever," he says, reaching for the camo bandana that he now takes everywhere with him. "Look, I'm already –"

"Just ask her out," Erica says. "You're going to be miserable otherwise, and she'll be worse."

"Yeah, right," Lucas scoffs, but Erica shakes her head.

"I'm serious," she says, and she's so sincere that Lucas feels another tear spring out of nowhere, and he wishes more than anything that he weren't so easily affected. "You guys... you should ask her out. That's all I'm saying. Just get over yourself and do it. What's the worst that can happen?" Before Lucas can answer the question, she says, "Have fun at your meeting," and skips off to pursue her little kid dreams.

Lucas feels dazed. He wonders when Erica got so observant, and he wonders why he never noticed all the things that Max supposedly does to show that she likes him. He wishes that he'd been braver and just asked Max to go out with him when they were dancing at the Snow Ball.

He gets on his bike and goes to Mike's, stomach swooping the whole while. He parks his bike and pushes the door open. He says hello to Mrs. Wheeler and accepts the plate of snacks she gives him to take down to the others, and he descends the basement stairs.

Everyone says hi, and Max beams at him, and Lucas feels his heart

beating fast, and he knows what he's going to do before he does it. He waits until Mike and Dustin and El and Will are deep in a debate about Star Wars (El had become surprisingly obsessed with it, and now when she uses her powers she always mutters about the Force, and Dustin couldn't be more proud of his protégé) to take Max aside.

"Can I... uh... talk to you? For a minute?"

Max raises her eyebrows and shrugs.

"Sure, I guess."

Lucas takes a deep breath, and says, "Hey."

Later, when he's finished kissing her and Dustin is finished mocking him and El is done making gagging noises (a skill learned from Dustin), they're sitting around the table. Mike is starting a new campaign, for old time's sake, because they haven't played D&D in forever.

He finds himself dozing off, and he finds himself okay with it, because Max's hand is tucked securely in his, and every time he looks at her she turns bright red and smiles like an idiot.

"Sinclair!" Dustin snaps. "Stop ogling your girlfriend and pay attention to the game!"

Lucas's cheeks are just as red as Max's, but they're hidden by his dark skin, and he smiles, and he squeezes Max's hand again, and he smiles. He thinks that he could get used to hearing that.

Girlfriend.

Judging by the blindingly bright smile on Max's face, she feels the same way.

Author's Note:

Thank you for reading!

If you have time, if you have inspiration, if you feel like it, let me know what you thought!

If you have none of those things, or not enough to make commenting worth it, have a WONDERFUL day!!! You're amazing!